

Shelby's Friends

by hiveluver

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Summary: Shelby's Friends after Shelby disappeared. Rated K cause its not terrible, although it is a little bit of making fun of girls who are labeled "popular" in Middle School.

1. Where's Shelby?

It was a normal day at school. The hallways were crowded, everyone was talking, and everyone seemed to be happy- except 2 girls. Taylor Thompson and Rachel Johnston weren't.

"I wonder where Shel has been. I mean, its been 4 months since she's been at school." Taylor said as they walked towards the science room.

"I know, the girls don't even seem to care. Its all I've been able to think about. She hasn't answered texts, calls, anything. Its like she forgot all about school and her friends and everything." Rachel said. She had been worried about Shelby Trinity's absence since the day she stopped coming to school. The worst part about it was the fact that they had heard absolutely nothing about Shelby's whereabouts- and the rest of their friend group didn't even seem to care.

As the girls sat down at their science desks, the class fell silent as Ms. Smith began to talk about astronomy, their new unit.

But astronomy wasn't on Taylor and Rachel's minds. They were still thinking about Shelby from their brief discussion in the hallway on the way to science.

Rachel pulled a piece of scrap paper out of her science binder. She scribbled a note on to it:

Do you think she ran away and her parents haven't told anyone so their keeping it a secret for a little longer? Or do you think she died?

_She tossed it to Taylor. Taylor read it, and scribbled her reply.

I don't think she died, but she may have ran away. Remember she used to always decline sleepover invitations cause she had "plans?"

She tossed it to Rachel, who wrote her reply.

Yea. Maybe those were like running away plans.

Maybe. But like, how would she survive the wilderness? She was like, always pretty. You need a plug to curl and straighten your hair, so like, how would she do it? And she can't pack all of her designer clothes, and if I were her, I wouldn't leave those at home. And then she needs shoes, and all of her cleansing supplies. And makeup. And a mirror. And like, so much more. And wilderness-gross!

_Good point. I mean like, how could you survive without all of those things? I wouldn't survive without my aura cleansing every morning. Brady would break up with me. OMG, maybe she is hiding something! Cause remember that time she like smelled like sewer for like 3 weeks? I mean, that's totally unlike her. And sometimes she doesn't have perfect eyeliner. She like, smudges it and it gets all nasty.

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_Yea I so remember that! And yea, she may be hiding something. I mean like, she could be soooooo insulting sometimes. She'd like, make jokes that weren't funny, but hurtful. And like, that time she beat up a 8th grader last year? I mean like, us popular girls aren't supposed to roughhouse. Were supposed to be the center of attention, always being impressive. She like, broke the group rules. _

_Yea, and then she like gets all bloody and doesn't wash it or anything, or doesn't put at least a little makeup on that ugly gash. I mean, she needs to try to look better after being injured. Like when Gianna broke her wrist, she at least got a good color, and she put makeup on it. That is what you're supposed to do. _

Yea, that was nasty. She really needed to try harder. Maybe she moved. We should ask Julia if she is still in the neighborhood.

Julia? Are you joking? She's a dork!

_Don't worry, I have my ways with the hideous. _

2. Trying to get answers

Taylor slammed her tray down on the lunch table of the nerd's table. She was mad. Rachel had not offered her to help get some information out of Julia.

"Yea, so I was about to mine the block, then boom! A creeper! I was so mad," Julia was obviously having an in-depth conversation about something with Florence Moore.

"Julia," Taylor said.

"Hi Taylor!" Julia said.

"Ya, well, anyways, I was wondering if you've seen Shelby Trinity around that neighborhood of yours. Its just we haven't seen her in forever. So, have you seen her, or what?" Taylor asked, irritated.

"Nope, haven't seen her since, like, OMG, like, 4 months ago!" Julia said.

"Okay, now stop trying to be cool. Bye, thats all I needed. Thanks, cya around." Taylor said. She turned around and ran for the "popular girls" table. On the way, she passed Anna, Amanda, Lexi and Rachael, who just rolled their eyes as she swaggered by.

"Well, she has no idea either," Taylor whispered to Rachel.

"Figures." Rachel whispered back. It was quite obvious she'd know nothing. She never gets with the gossip, therefore, why would she be looking for Shelby? Shelby was one of the top gossip girls in the school.

"OMG, she like, really needs to get her nails treated. Like, what the heck, she walks around with those freaking things looking like she got her manicure at Walmart!" Gianna was ranting about Helen Ratti's fingernails.

"Hey, do any of you know what happened to Shelby? I mean she's been gone for 4 months." Taylor said. She winked at Rachel, who looked surprised that she brought up the subject.

"Well, no, I haven't really thought about it. I mean, like who cares? She was kind of rude anyways. Maybe she like ran away or something. Maybe she's like wicked sick or something." Victoria Samson said.

"Yea, who cares about her?" Danielle Richards asked.

"I don't, I was just curious." Taylor said.

"Well, whatever it is, it wasn't dangerous. Her house is protected with ADT. Anyways, did any of you see that gorgeous white and pink bikini in Seventeen Magazine? I was thinking about buying it." Gianna said. **A/N: I don't own ADT or Seventeen Magazine!**

After school, Rachel and Taylor went to Shelby's mansion. Her Dad answered. He was wearing a thousand-dollar gold tuxedo, with matching dress shoes. He had always been a bit intimidating.
>"No girls, Shelby is no here." He said.<p>

"We just wanted to make sure she was okay." Rachel said, hoping for some answers. Shelby's Dad looked at her.

"She ran away. Here are her school notes. Just take them. I don't care about them, and you guys could use them to study." he said, tossing them a notebook. He slammed the huge golden doors shut with a loud thud. Rachel looked at the notebook that lay in her hands. _Now here come the answers, _she thought.

3. The Notebook

Rachel slumped down on the couch next to Taylor. They were having a double sleepover. It would've been a triple sleepover if Shelby wasn't missing, but since she was, this was the best bet.

"You still have that notebook, right?" Taylor asked.

"Of course, we can't lose that. We should read it though; I bet there is more than just school notes in there," Rachel said.

"Given our situation, I couldn't agree more," Taylor said. Rachel reached into her duffle bag and pulled out Shelby's school notebook. She opened it up. Taylor and Rachel flipped through about half of the pages, before they found something interesting.

"What the? Ventilation system? What even is that?" Rachel was confused.

"Crawling through a ventilation system? HOW OLD IS SHE?" Taylor couldn't believe it.

"It's like, plans to steal something," Rachel said.

"Jewelry," Taylor said, and her eyes grew wide. "You know, around the time Shel disappeared, the Wraith did too," She was coming to a conclusion. But she couldn't believe it. _Maybe that's not what it is, _she thought, _Maybe it's something else._

"Explains that necklace, the one that she wouldn't tell us where to buy it," Rachel said. "But do you really think Shelby is the Wraith?"

"Well, I am not sure, but it seems likely," Taylor said. "Let's keep looking."

The girls looked through the notebook. They found 5 more plans. They were huge clues—they were getting somewhere at least with this. Most of them had to do with ventilation shafts and other things that can help with stealth. They didn't want to believe it was true, but the evidence was pointing in the direction of the Wraith. **A/N: I know so poorly phrased! **

"Well, I can't believe this is what it's been all along," Rachel said, stunned.

"The refused invitations, her being all over the world, skipping classes, expensive jewelry, 'no guys, I can't come'-it's been this all along, Rach, and were going to do something about it." Taylor said, motivated.

"Should we tell the girls?" Rachel asked.

"Of course, they deserve to know. Shelby's been so weird over the past year or 2 and now we know why. It wasn't just us—it was all of them too. But we have to make sure they keep it a secret," Taylor said. She didn't want things spreading too fast.

"Okay, but we'll do it together," Rachel said.

"Deal," Taylor said.

**I know, its such a crappy chapter and the end is sort of cheesy but I am not the most talented writer, sorry I kind of suck. **

4. She's the Wraith

Taylor and Rachel were silent at lunch. They actually had important things to talk about, but all of the others girls were talking about the new mall that had just opened a few towns over where they could buy the nicest jewelry and clothing.

"When we go shopping for semi, we are going there!" Victoria said.

"No doubt," Gianna said, "At that prom dress store."

"Uh, girls, Rachel and I have some important things to talk about." Taylor said.

"This better be important," Danielle said, folding her arms.

"Well, Taylor and I found out that Shelby had a bigger secret than we expected," Rachel said.

"What is it?" Victoria asked, sighing.

"She's the Wraith." Taylor said.

"How do you know that?" Gianna asked.

"We had her notebook. Its where she makes all of her plans." Rachel said.

"But you cannot tell anyone, I mean it," Taylor said.

"Why not?" Danielle asked.

"Cause we don't want it to get out. We don't want the police involved." Rachel said.

"Oh, I thought I had some new gossip I could spread." Gianna said with a sigh.

"Oh whatever. I guess we'll just pretend we know nothing," Victoria said.

"That went well," Rachel said, hopping onto Taylor's bed.

"Yea, I am really glad they agreed. It would've been a tragedy if they told everyone." Taylor said.

"Yea, the police would question us, and it would be awful." Rachel said.

"At least we would get some attention," Taylor said.

"Yea, we might even make the News." Rachel said.

"We could even go on TV!" Taylor said.

"Yes! Everyone in the world would see us!" Rachel said.

"Should we tell the police?" Taylor asked.

"If it means fame, yes, we should!" Rachel said.

"Ok, lets go!" Taylor said. Their life would start today.

End
file.